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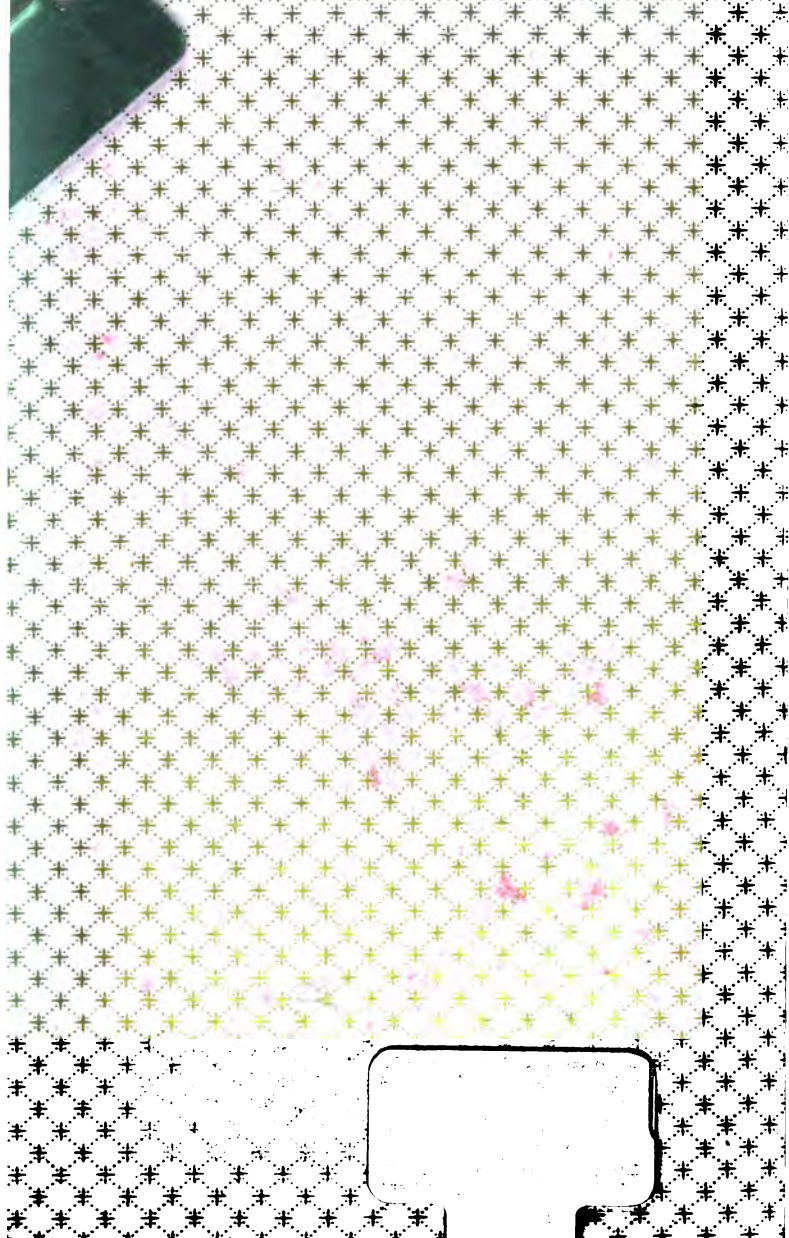
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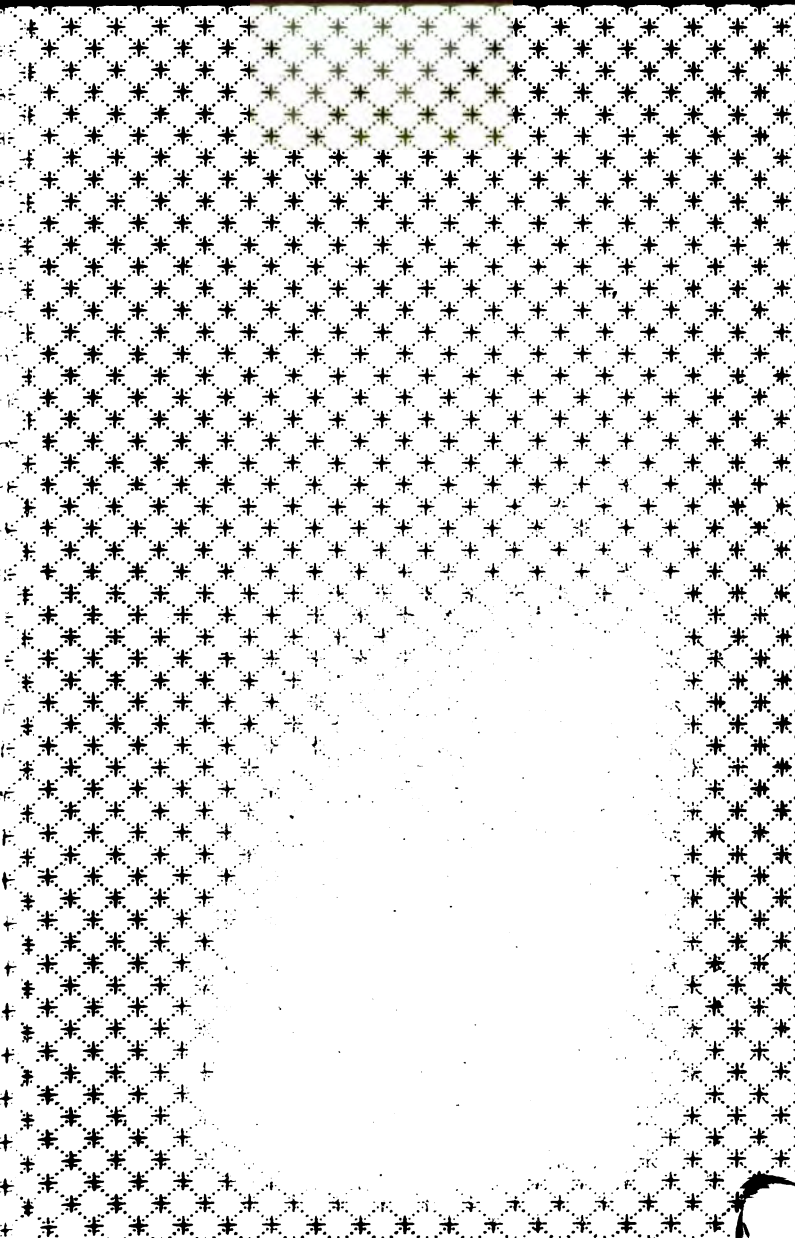
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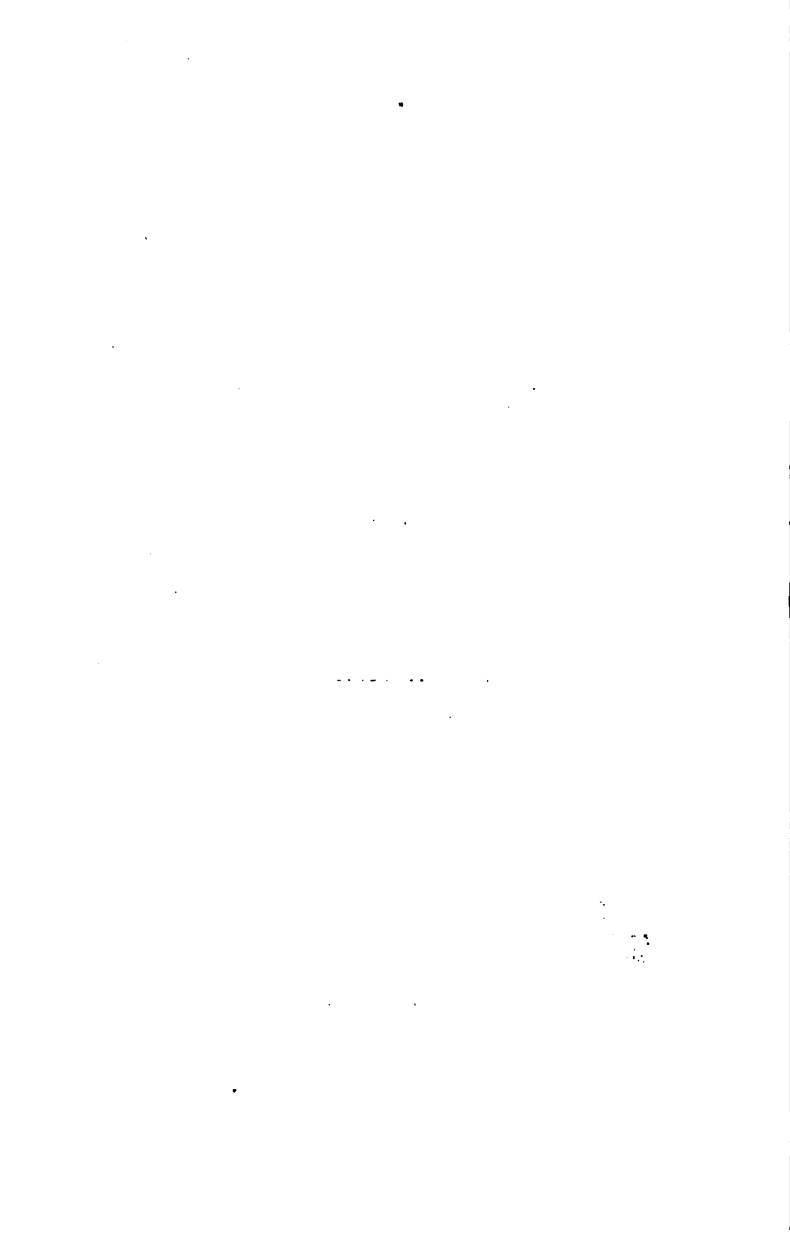


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**H O N O R ;**

**OR, THE STORY OF**

**THE BRAVE CASPAR AND THE  
FAIR ANNERL.**



# H O N O R ;

OR, THE STORY OF

## THE BRAVE CASPAR AND THE FAIR ANNERL.

BY

CLEMENS BRENTANO

WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND A BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF  
THE AUTHOR,

BY T. W. APPELL.

“How can ye believe, which receive honor one of another, and seek not  
the honor that cometh from God only?”

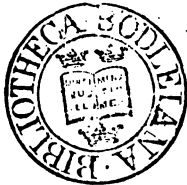
ST. JOHN, chap. v., ver. 44.

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*Translated from the German.*  
~~~~~

LONDON:  
JOHN CHAPMAN, 142, STRAND.  
MDCCCXLVII.



**“Brentano! Wie mit Hatedropfen  
Schrieb der sein Innerl in gewalt’gen Sügen!  
Der wußt’ es wohl, wie niedre Herzen klopfen,  
Und wie so heiß des Volkes Pulse stiegen!  
Der warf zuerst aus grauer Bücherwolke  
Den prächt’gen Blitz: die Leidenschaft im Volke!”**  
Freiligrath.



## INTRODUCTION.



THE late translation of Auerbach's "Village Tales of the Black Forest" has introduced to the English public that peculiar species of German literature, now so much in vogue with the authors and readers of Germany, descriptive of, and founded on, the actual lives of the lower orders of that country. England, so near akin to Germany in her appreciation of the beauties of natural description, and in her susceptibility to poetry, has received Auerbach's Tales with much of the favour which the vividness of their local colouring secured for them in their own country. And it is possible that *this* little volume may also find approval in its English dress, although it can scarcely be said to belong strictly to the present school of German Village Tales. They, indeed, may be considered as signs of the times, originating with Auerbach and A. Weill, although poets, such as Jeremias Gotthelf, Franz Berthold (Adelheid Rumbold), M. Martell, and especially Immermann, in his excellent novel of *Münchhausen*, have preceded them in their portraiture of simple life. But Brentano's

story of the brave Kasperl and the fair Annerl stands unrivalled, in its touching and beautiful simplicity, above all others in this branch of German literature. Neither Auerbach's writings, nor those of his followers, Joseph Rauch, W. O. Horn, and others who range themselves beneath his banner, can compete with the breathings of genuine poetry which, in this little tale, reveal to us the peculiarities of the German character, its cordial warmth, and its mysterious inner life. Minds gifted with a depth of feeling uncommon in the every-day world will find themselves irresistibly attracted by this little story, as it is almost certain to touch some responsive chord in their hearts, while the public in general can scarcely fail to peruse its pages with emotion.

It will also display to the English reader, in its most gracious attire, the muse of a German poet as yet little known; and it may not therefore be irrelevant to introduce here one or two remarks upon the author. The position of Clemens Brentano in German literature is as yet scarcely understood. Even in his own country the full extent of his genius is recognised only by the few; and in England the very school to which he belongs can be scarcely known.

The romantic school of Germany took its rise in the beginning of the present century, and had for its

object the revival of the poetry of the Catholic middle ages, as it was manifest alike in its songs, its paintings, and its architecture. As in earlier times Lessing and Winckelmann had directed attention to classical antiquity, so did this school revert to the middle ages; and by the magic of their golden lyres strive, like a second Amphion, to complete the stately Gothic cathedrals of that date, and to restore its castles of ancient chivalry now crumbling to decay. From the realms of the past they conjured up the spirit of the mediæval time, bearing to its former splendour the same relation which Echo does to Song. They strove to rekindle the long-faded brightness of German glory in arts and customs; and, in searching amid the sources of long-buried wonders, to drink deep draughts of inspiration, and thereby acquire the renovating power they sought.

Our limits forbid us to enlarge further on this school of poets, which may well be called the lovely Midsummer Night's Dream of German literature; but this merit at least must be conceded to it, that it contributed in an essential degree to rouse a true and national spirit at a season when the hand of the French Cæsar weighed heavily upon their fatherland.

The romantic school also brought to light, from their long-closed mines, those treasures of ancient German poetry which so victoriously combated the

lamentably shallow mediocrity which, for the last half century, had rolled ostentatiously along in its triumphal car, glorying in every material tendency, and hostile to every poetical conception. But, on the other hand, it cannot be denied that its followers went a little too far in their admiration of the middle ages. Exclusively occupied with the past, they neglected the claims of the present, and, blinded by the magical mists of the moonlight of romance, they became incapable of enduring the free light of day. They watched the disappearance of the sun of past ages, and followed his fading rays with looks of melancholy longing, unconscious that a new morning was dawning on the horizon. Thus the road they pursued led them back to that ancient prison-house from which the reformation had set us free.

When Augustus Wilhelm and Frederick Schlegel (of whom the latter unquestionably possessed the higher genius) announced themselves as agents of the romantic school of literature, Jena, their residence, and that of colleagues closely allied to them in genius, became the centre from which the electrical doctrines radiated.

The most distinguished bards of the school were *Ludwig Tieck*, whose literary labours already extend over half a century; *Novalis*, (Friederich von

Hartenburg,) author of "Heinrich von Ofterdingen;" *Friederich de la Motte Fouque*, the celebrated bard of "Undine;" *Zacharias*; *Werner*; *Achim von Arnim* and *Clemens Brentano*. To these should be added many other authors who belong more or less strictly to the romantic school, or at least who frequently borrow from it; such as *Theodor Amadeus Hoffmann*, imitated by the new French school, and *Joseph von Eichendorff*, one of the most pleasing romance-writers of Germany.

The romantic school first learned from Schelling's natural philosophy to look on nature with a more intelligent eye; and whilst among the authors we have mentioned the religious element is represented by F. Schlegel, the ideal in art by Tieck, mysticism by Novalis, and the chivalrous feudality of the middle ages by La Motte Fouque, the whole are united by one great bond—that of being patient listeners to the revelations of nature, and all alike eager to dive deeply into her mysteries.

None of these poets, however—with perhaps the exception of Novalis—have identified themselves with nature as Brentano has done. He possesses in a wonderful degree all the beauties and the eccentricities of the romantic school, and is nevertheless one of its most distinguished members.

In Clemens Brentano, whose family emigrated

from Italy, are united the blooming luxuriance of fancy which belongs to a southern clime, and the depth of thought, the cordial ingenuous open-heartedness of Germany. Endowed with a rich exuberance of poetic talent, he might have become the Beethoven of his school, had he but economized his gifts, and been less destitute of all seriousness and self-control. But he bestrode the winged courser of his muse with a mad energy, scattering his pearls of poesy around him with the wilful prodigality of a child; and it is not without justice that Heinrich Heine calls Brentano's muse "caprice personified." The beauty of his works is destroyed by their want of form, whence a pure æsthetical enjoyment in them is unattainable.

His fictions resemble a luxuriant enchanted garden, where the sweetest strains of the nightingale resound from fragrant groves, where butterflies of dazzling hues hover above mysteriously chiming flower-bells; but amidst this ravishing harmony the ear is suddenly assailed by the wild, riotous laughter of a Bacchanalian horde, and anon by the merry tinkling of fool's bells; distorted human faces, with ludicrously long noses, peep from the flower-cups, laughing and tittering; one thing becomes entangled with another in a perplexing web of confusion, and over the whole the moon sheds so pale and ghastly a light

that you begin to experience a sensation of indescribably painful nervous excitement. The extravagant fancies and frequent exaggerations of nature, which destroy the perfection of Brentano's writings, arise probably, in a great degree, not from his natural caprice solely, but from the restraints of his early education and the unfettered freedom of his after life.

To render this apology intelligible, we shall now enter into a few particulars of his history.

Clemens Brentano was born near Coblenz, on the 9th of September, 1778, and belongs to a family unrivalled in the intellectual world of Germany for the rare endowments with which all its members have been gifted. His father was a celebrated merchant, who, emigrating from Lombardy, became afterwards a counsellor of, and resident in, the free imperial town of Frankfort on the Main, but who always betrayed his southern origin, both in language and in manner. He married Maximiliane Euprosine, secretly beloved by Göthe \*. This lady was the eldest daughter of Chancellor La Roche, known in the history of German literature, by his "Letters on Monasticism;" and Sophie Gutermann, the first woman in Germany who wrote novels—she was an imitator

\* It is supposed that this attachment gave rise to the poet's "Sorrows of Werter."



of Richardson, and of his German disciple, J. T. Hermes. She was likewise renowned as having inspired Wieland in his youth with the tender passion. The celebrated Bettina von Arnim (known in England as the heroine of Göthe's correspondence with a child) is Clemens Brentano's sister, and she has lately raised a lasting monument to his memory, by publishing his early letters \*. All the fairies of poesy bestowed their choicest gifts on their favourite, while yet in his cradle. His first verse was called forth by an aunt, who was a great admirer of the cold-water system. The good lady, having one morning administered to him an ample dose of the icy element, desired the boy to repeat the popular morning greeting :

Morgenstund  
Hat Gold im Mund.

(The morning hour has gold in its mouth.) She gave him the catchword, Morgenstund, when the little urchin lisped, in infant accents,

Morgenstund  
Hat kalt Wasser im Mund.

Brentano's genius displayed itself very soon at

\* Clemens Brentano's Frühlingskranz aus seinen Jugend-Briefen ihm geflochten, wie er selbst schriftlich verlangte. Charlottenburg, 1845.

school, where he ridiculed the foibles of all around him in the most laughable verses. When he had completed his studies at the College of Coblenz, he was recalled to Frankfort, there to commence his mercantile career in his father's counting-house (which still exists under the care of his surviving brother). Our poet's genius, however, could not stoop to prosaic dealings, even in gloomy vaults crowded with sugar and coffee; and the inspired apprentice copied the letters in verse, wrote the bills of lading in the most absurd rhymes, and ornamented the margins with caricatures. For some time his associates rather enjoyed this propensity for poetical effusions, and only called the favourite of the muses "a crack-brained fellow;" but when his father, a serious, stern man, who held poetry at a discount, and considered it a starving art, got a hint of his son's enormities, he sent him in disgrace to Mr. Kunstmann, an oil-merchant at Langensalza. There the handsome, dark-eyed young bard, his light green coat and scarlet waistcoat, became the lions of the little town, and created an unheard of sensation among the fairer portion of its inhabitants. But in this Patmos the giddy exile continued to transact all business poetically; corresponding in metre with the brandy distillers of the "Göldene Aue," and delivering rhy-

ing bills of lading to the carters of the spirituous merchandise.

It may easily be conceived that so provoking a clerk was a continual source of annoyance to the oil-merchant, and at the expiration of six months Clemens was dismissed in disgrace.

His father made a last attempt to recall this degenerate unworthy son to reason, but a new frolic soon put an end to the endeavour. On one occasion a cask of sugar was found wanting in a consignment from London to the house of Brentano, which produced an animated correspondence, beginning with prudent coolness, but becoming by degrees more violent and bitter. In copying these letters the young poet drew, exactly opposite the parental signature, an immense hat, covering two heads, who were gazing furiously at one another, while at a little distance a man contemplated them, with the following words proceeding from his mouth;—

Two fools underneath one hat,  
And them the third is looking at.

A rude answer from the English correspondent excited old Brentano's indignation. The affair was investigated, and the culprit who had thus profaned the sanctuary of golden trade was ignominiously banished from its threshold.

Similar follies are reported of the poet, even in his later years. In Weimar he came one day to Wieland, wearing a very tight spencer, and enlarged with so much eloquence on the beauty of the new costume so peculiarly adapted to the display of a good figure, that he actually induced the harmless but rather vain old man to wear it at court, where, of course, his appearance in such a garb excited equal astonishment and ridicule.

In the letters to which we have alluded as lately published by his sister, Clemens mentions that, being thoroughly bored by the lamentations on the death of Herder, which had occurred a short time before Brentano's arrival at Weimar, he had caricatured the whole set of tedious mourners, in chalk, on Göthe's garden-wall, much to the amusement of the public generally.

Brentano was now permitted to follow his own desires, and a new era of his life began. He went first to the university of Bonn, whence he proceeded to Marburg, where he studied with his future brother-in-law, Von Savigny (the Russian minister). He left Marburg for Jena, from whence he made frequent visits to Weimar, and associated with the deities of the German Parnassus. After the years of constraint he had endured in a mercantile house in Frankfort, and a retail shop at Langensalza, he

adopted the romantic life of a troubadour, which, owing to his opulence, he was enabled to follow out with comfort. Abandoning himself to the impulse of the moment, he roamed like a travelling student from place to place in golden liberty; at times, sounding his lyre, he would float down on the bosom of the Rhine, and at others explore its winding shores in every direction. And thus his natural leaning to a wandering life gained upon him day by day.

At Jena he first met his future consort, Sophia Schubert, then the wife of Mr. Moreau. This lady eagerly adopted his most fanciful humours, and often rode with him full speed through the streets, with three waving plumes in her riding hat, like a dame of ancient chivalry. She also wrote verses. At Jena, Brentano composed his beautiful romance of Loreley; and after having produced several plays, under the name of "Maria," he published the novel of "Godwi oder das steinerne Bild der Mutter," in which the most masterly descriptions and most poetical diction are intermingled with scenes the most high-flown and absurd. He sojourned for a time at Dresden, and then wandered along the banks of the Danube, and in 1804 he assisted at Vienna at the performance of a comedy he had written in the interval, called Ponce de Leon. This play is certainly one of the most spirited and witty in the

German language, but in it also the author's genius is frequently obscured by a degree of confusion and indistinctness.

Heine says of this drama, "You feel as if joining in a masquerade of words and ideas. The most absurd puns run harlequin-like throughout the piece, and hit every thing with their magic wand. Sometimes a serious phrase appears on the stage, but it seems to halt like the *Dottore di Bologna*." As was to be expected, Ponce de Leon could not please an audience who sought only plain household fare; therefore the poet was hissed at the first representation; but yet among the songs in this piece was the beautiful one of "*Nach Sevilla*," which has become national.

On quitting Vienna, Brentano established himself at Heidelberg, where death bereaved him of his beloved Sophia. The society of his congenial friend, Achim Arnim, whom we have already mentioned as being, subsequently, the husband of his sister Bettina, afforded him much consolation at this period of trial. These two friends are generally coupled together in literature, from having been both engaged in the publication, in 1800, of the collection of old national songs, entitled, "*Des Knaben Wunderhorn*." These songs were gathered partly from the lips of the common people, and partly from very scarce pub-

lications, and single printed leaves, of which latter Clemens Brentano had with infinite labour formed a very rich collection. "The boy's Wunderhorn is one of the most valuable contributions to modern poetry, and Clemens Brentano and Arnim have by its publication acquired an undying reputation; for these songs first roused the slumbering genius of the nation, and recalled to the memory of the Germans the lyrical poetry of the middle ages." When the "Knabe" on his winged steed breathed the first tones of his "Wunderhorn," every ear listened with rapture to the magic strains of a world long buried in oblivion and contempt; they found an echo in every heart, and were repeated by every voice; they gave to German lyrics a renewed freshness of tone; an erudite historical activity which exerted an important influence on the national literature. On how many poets has this publication of Brentano and Arnim produced a fruitful influence!—therefore it can never be sufficiently extolled. He who desires to see the German character in its fairest aspect should read these popular songs; for where is the spirit of a nation more perceptible? where is the pulsation of its heart so truly felt as in the simple lays, which, instead of being composed by individuals, seemed to arise spontaneously from the mass of the people, and to be re-echoed from one generation to another?

Göthe justly observes, that the "Wunderhorn" should be found in every family, beside each mirror, as in every other place.

The twin poets edited a journal at Heidelberg, called the "Einsiedlerzeitung," with the intention of still further exciting the interest aroused by their collection of national songs. Jean Paul, Görres, both the Schlegels, and several other writers, took part in this undertaking. Brentano inserted in it some poems and translations from Froissart. But at that period of Napoleon's dominion the paper met with little encouragement, and was soon relinquished. The few numbers which were printed are now very rare, and are looked upon as relics in the history of German literature.

After many changes of fortune and of residence, Clemens Brentano was entrusted with the superintendence of a large domain in Bohemia, belonging to his brothers. There he found leisure for the elaboration of his grand romantic drama, "The Foundation of Prague." This play, which contains great beauties, but which suffers from want of unity and the poet's *ægrî somnia*, introduces us into the Pagan ages of Bohemia.

While in this country, Clemens wrote not only for the national theatre, but for the proprietor of a puppet-show. This reveals in a word the character



of the man. Some years afterwards, when in Berlin, this showman, standing before his booth, recognised in a passer by the poet, whose plays had created a *furor* in the hands of his pasteboard actors, and he hastened to show his gratitude, by presenting him with a life-ticket to all his representations.

It was at Berlin that Brentano, for the first time, looked back with regret on the career which he had pursued, and was all at once struck by the conviction that he had wantonly dissipated the splendid gifts which had been bestowed upon him. As our poet's star of love had never failed to shed its mild beams throughout the most chequered confusion of his fanciful imagination, and as religious feeling had predominated in his simple characters, even amid the strangest incidents of his enchanted worlds, so now he fled, as if from a demon, into the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church. As Clemens Brentano had been born in that faith, he could take this step without having to undergo the formalities which attended the reception into that church of other followers of the romantic school; for instance, Frederick Schlegel, Novalis, Adam Müller, &c.

After renouncing his errors in a formal confession at Berlin, he retired to Westphalia, where, in attendance on the sick-bed of a certain nun ("*die Nonne von Dülmen*"), and in solitary self-contemplation, he spent

five years, and joined the religious circle in Münster, to which Frederic von Stolberg belonged. From the tomb of the nun, Brentano returned to live sometimes in his native town of Frankfort on the Main, sometimes with his friend Dietz at Coblenz, or with the Bishop Sailer at Regensburg, or made pilgrimages into the Tyrol and Switzerland. He spent his latter years principally at Munich, and died in the bosom of Roman Catholicism, at Aschaffenburg, on the 28th of July, 1842. Thus his life ended as a carnival masquerade does on Ash Wednesday, in the exercise of penitence and prayer. Thus vanished a bright meteor from the heaven of German poesy.

Clemens Brentano's last work, "The Fantastic History of Gockel, Hinkel and Gackeleia," appeared in 1838, and presents an example of all his poetical virtues and vices; it breathes, too, although he was then sixty years of age, the same inflammable spirit of genius. In this fiction the author runs once more throughout the whole scale of romantic fancies, and at last blends the whole with childish caprice into one wild harmony.

His charming "Märchen," which are more free from his eccentricities, were lately published at Stuttgart, 1846 \*. He has bequeathed the profits of this work to the poor, on whom indeed he not unfre-

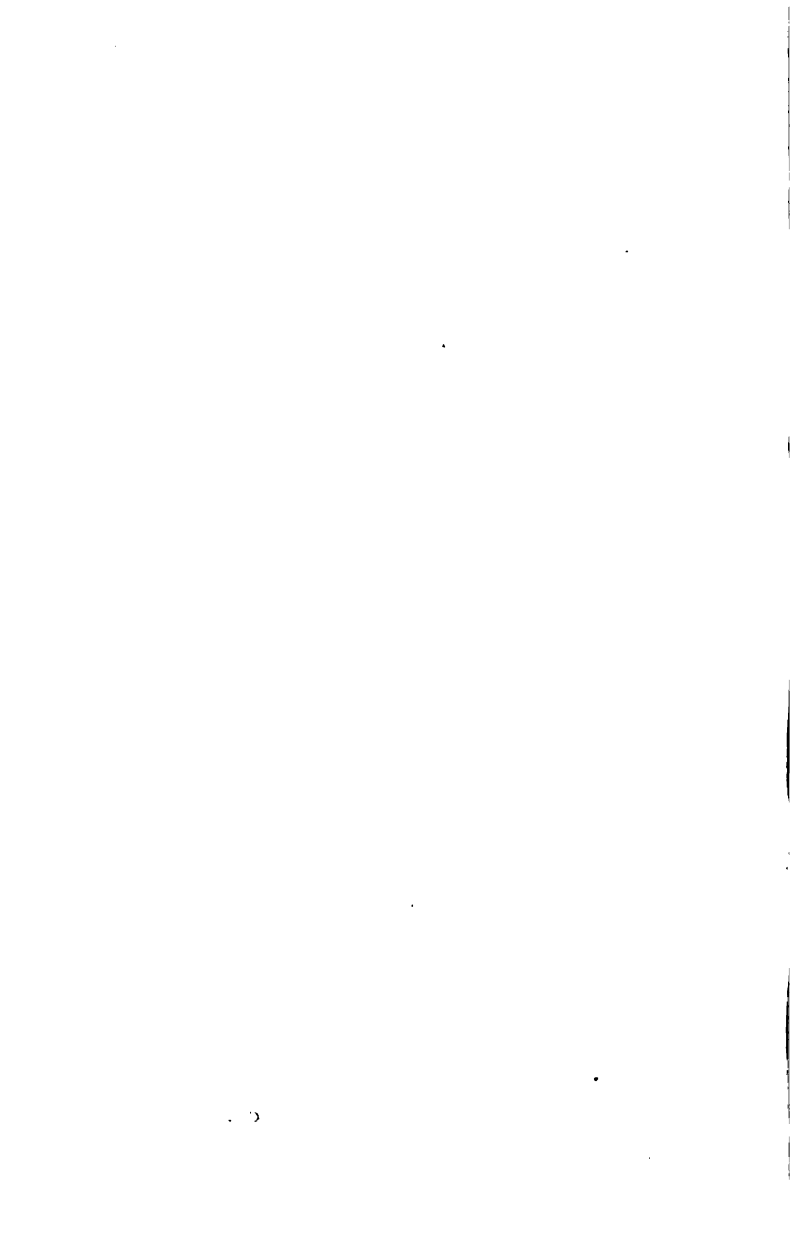
\* Brentano's works have not yet been collected together, but it

quently bestowed them; for instance, those derived from his brilliant and witty treatise, "Der Philister in, vor und nach der Geschichte," Berlin, 1811; and likewise those of the drama, "Victoria und ihre Kinder mit fliegenden Fahnen und brennender Lunte," in which he gave vent to his joyous enthusiasm on the restoration of the liberty of his country in 1813 and 1814. He had previous to this frequently sounded the alarm-bell for the breaking of the yoke of oppression in many a beautiful lyric.

The tale of the brave Kasperl and the fair Annerl is also one of Brentano's later works, and was published at Berlin, in 1835. With the exception of a few lyrical pieces and romances, through which the purest and fullest chords vibrate and touch the heart with a powerful charm, this story is certainly the poet's most finished production; it is the ripest fruit of the enchanted tree he planted in the garden of German literature, and stands superior to all his other narratives. Of these a few deserve particular notice, "Die mehreren Wehmüller," "Die lustigen Musikanten," "Die drei Nüsse (Berlin, 1834), and "Aus der Chronica eines fahrenden Schülers," in Fr. Förster's Sängereinfahrt, Berlin, 1818.

is to be hoped that his heirs will not withhold them from the public. His writings are already scarce, some indeed have never been published.

As we have already shown, Brentano's muse is displayed in this little story in her fairest aspect, and entirely divested of the poet's usual extravagant fancies. The delineation of the tale recalls to one's memory the ingenious arabesque characters in the MSS. of the middle ages, and indeed many of the details are really taken from popular tradition. But the whole is kept so unaffectedly noble and simply true, that at the present time, when authors are vying with each other in displaying in their works the most violent contrasts, and in portraying the most vulgar and pernicious realities dug up from the very dregs of large cities, this little work stands as a beautiful model in literature. We therefore present it with the greater confidence to the British public, as this nation has always been distinguished for its sound, uncorrupted taste.



# HONOR ;

OR,

CASPAR AND ANNERL.

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It was early summer—the nightingale had already begun to sing in the lanes, but on this particular evening a chill wind blowing from a distant storm had checked her song. The watchman had called the eleventh hour, when on my way home through the town I was attracted by the sight of a considerable crowd of workmen assembled round the flight of steps belonging to a stately building. The interest shown by the crowd was so great, that, fearing some accident had occurred, I drew near to make inquiries.

An old peasant woman was seated on the steps, but apparently quite indifferent to the sympathy she excited, and unconscious of the many questions and

kindly offers of service addressed to her by the workmen.

There was something not only strange but almost grand in the good old woman's calm decision of purpose; she made her preparations for her night's rest under the open sky, amid the crowd of people around her, as composedly as if she had been alone in her own little chamber. She wrapped her apron round her as a cloak, drew her black oil-cloth hat deep over her brow, laid her bundle under her head, and returned no answer to any question.

"What is the matter with this old woman?" asked I of one of the by-standers: more than one person answered my question. "She has come twelve miles out of the country," "She is unable to go further," "She knows nothing of the town," "She has friends at the other end, but cannot find her way thither." "I would be her guide," said one, "but it is a great way off, and I have not my house-key with me. Besides, she would not know the house where she wishes to go." "But the woman cannot remain lying here," said a new comer. "I have told her so already," answered the first speaker; "nevertheless, she will persist in doing so. I would take her home with me, but she talks so strangely, that I think she must have been drinking." "I believe that she is silly, at all events," returned the other; "but she

cannot remain here, the nights are still cold and long." While this conversation was going on, the old woman appeared as if she were blind and deaf; she concluded her preparations quite calmly, and, as the last speaker repeated "She cannot remain here," she replied, in a strangely deep and earnest voice, "Wherefore should I not stay here? is not this the palace? I am eighty-eight years old, and the duke will assuredly not drive me from his threshold. Three sons have died in his service, and my only grandson is gone also. God will surely pardon him for it, and I will not die till he lies in an honourable grave."

"Eighty-eight years of age! and has walked twelve miles," exclaimed the by-standers. "She is tired and childish. People grow weak at such an age." "Mother, you may take cold and fall sick, at any rate you will weary sadly if you stay here all night," said another of the workmen, stooping down close to her. The old woman spoke again in her deep voice, half entreatingly, half commanding; "Oh! leave me to my rest, and be not so unreasonable; I fear no cold, I fear no weariness; the night is already far spent; eighty-eight years old am I; the morning will soon dawn, and then I go to join my friends. If one be patient, and have suffered much,



and can pray, the few poor remaining hours may be easily endured."

The crowd had by degrees dispersed, and the few who still stood by now hastened away, that the night watch who were coming through the streets might light them to their dwellings. I alone was left. The streets became quieter. I paced thoughtfully up and down the solitary square, beneath the green trees. The behaviour of the peasant woman, her knowledge of that life, of which she had seen the seasons of the year return eighty-eight times, and which appeared to her only as an ante-chamber to a better, had moved me greatly. "What then are all the sufferings and desires of my heart, the stars roll undisturbed eternally on their course, wherefore do I seek enjoyments and comforts, and from whom do I seek them, and for whom? All that I wish for here below, all that I love and struggle to obtain, will they ever enable me to pass the night as quietly as this good pious soul does upon the threshold of a house, till the morning dawns; and shall I then like her find my friends? Ah, I may never reach the city, I may sink down wayworn in the dust before the gate, or perhaps even fall into the hands of robbers." Thus I reasoned with myself, as I walked through the avenue of lime-trees; and, again ap-

proaching the old woman, I heard her praying, half aloud, with her head bowed down. I was strangely affected, and going up to her I said, "God be with you, pious mother, pray to Him for me also." With these words I let a crown-piece drop in her lap. The woman on this calmly said, "A thousand thanks, O Lord, that thou hast heard my prayer." I thought that she spoke to me, and said, "Mother, did you then ask something of me? I knew it not." The old woman raised her head in surprise, and said, "Dear sir, go home, pray heartily, and lay thyself down to sleep; wherefore dost thou wander so late through the streets? It is not good for young men to do so, for your adversary goeth to and fro, seeking whom he may devour. Many have been ruined by such night-wanderings. Whom seek'st thou? The Lord? He dwells in the heart of the man who liveth soberly, and not in the street. But dost thou seek the adversary? lo! thou hast found him already; go quietly home, and pray that thou mayst be freed from him. Good night."

After saying this, she turned herself calmly to the other side, and put the crown-piece in her travelling bag. Every thing that the old woman did made a peculiar and deep impression on me, so I said to her, "Dear mother, you are quite right, but you are yourself the cause of my remaining here; I heard

you pray, and I wished to ask you to remember me in your prayers." "That is already done," said she; "as I saw you wandering through the lime-tree walk, I prayed to God that he might give you good thoughts. Now, may such be your portion. and go home to quiet rest."

But I sat down by her on the steps, seized her bony hand, and said, "Let me sit here by you all night, and tell me from whence you come, and what you seek here in this city; you are very helpless, for at your age one is nearer to God than man; the world is changed since you were young." "I do not think so," replied the old woman; "I have found it the same all the days of my life; you are still young, so you are easily astonished; I have seen every thing happen so often, over and over again, that now I look on all around with joy alone, because I see how faithfully God acts by us. However, it is wrong to despise any one's good will, for, though at the moment it is offered to us it may not be necessary, a time may come when a friend, however welcome, might be unattainable. Therefore remain with me, and bethink thee how thou mayst help me while I tell thee what has brought me from afar to this city. I had never thought to return here again. Seventy years ago I was a servant girl in this house on whose threshold

I now sit; since then I have never been here; how time passes! It is like the waving of a hand!

“How often, more than seventy years ago, have I sat here in the afternoon, and waited for my sweetheart, who was in the grenadier guards. Here we were betrothed—when he—but hush, here comes the patrol.” She began all at once to sing in that half-suppressed voice in which young girls and servants are wont to sing before the doors in moonlight nights, and I listened with secret delight to the following quaint old song:—

“When the last day shall have its birth,  
The little stars shall fall upon the earth;  
The dead, yes, all the dead shall rise again,  
And shall unto the last account be ta'en.  
And they shall tread the very height,  
Where loving angels dwell in light,  
And the Almighty God shall see,  
Robed in His rainbow panoply.

There, too, shall the false Jews appear in dread,  
Who once our dear Lord Christ a captive led;  
Then shall high trees shed light abroad,  
And flinty stones to dust be trod.  
She who this simple hymn doth say,  
And says it once in every day,  
That soul before its God shall stand,  
When all are summoned to Heavenland!—**AMEN.**”

The old woman became a little agitated as the patrol came nearer to us. "Ah!" said she, "to-day is the sixteenth of May; every thing is the same, exactly the same as then; only they wear another kind of cap and have no queues. That, however, is of no consequence when the heart is good." The officer of the guard stood by us, and was about to ask what kept us out so late, when I recognized in him an acquaintance, Ensign Count Grossinger. I told him the whole business in a few words; and then he said, with a kind of shudder, "Here, take this crown-piece and this rose (giving me one which he carried in his hand); these old peasant people love flowers. Ask the old woman to let you write down that song, and bring it to me." We separated, as the sentinel in the neighbouring main-guard, to which I had accompanied him, called, "Who goes there?" The count told me he was on guard at the castle, where I should find him. I went back to the old woman, and gave her the rose and the crown-piece.

With touching eagerness she grasped the rose and fastened it in her cap; then, in a somewhat softer voice, she recited these words:—

"Roses, ye flowers which my hat entwine,  
How blithe were I, if ruddy gold were mine!  
Roses and he I love."

I said to her, "Ay, mother, you have grown quite lively!" and she answered,—

"Merrily ho!  
Now quick, now slow,  
Round, round we go!  
Up the hill so!  
Now down below!  
Is't strange? Oh! no.

"Well, friend, do you still think it was not wise in me to remain sitting here? It is ever the same thing, believe me; it is seventy years to-day since I last sat before this door; I was then a gay girl, and loved all sorts of songs; and, as the patrol was going its round, I began to sing that song of the last judgment, and a grenadier threw a rose into my lap as he went by; I have the leaves of it still in my Bible. That was the beginning of my acquaintance with my dear husband. The next morning, when I went to church, I wore the rose in my bosom; he found me there, and all was soon arranged between us. So I felt glad when you gave me a rose to-night. It is a sign that I shall soon go to him, and this makes me happy. I have lost four sons and one daughter; the day before yesterday my grandson also left me. God help him, and have mercy on him! To-morrow another good soul leaves me; but

why do I say to-morrow? Is not midnight already passed?"

"Twelve has struck," answered I, surprised at what she said.

"May God comfort her, and give her peace, during the four little hours which yet remain to her," murmured the old woman; and then, folding her hands, she became silent. I could not speak, her whole manner and speech agitated me so much; but as she continued quite quiet, and the officer's crown-piece yet lay in her lap, I said to her, "Mother, put up the money; you may lose it."

"We will not put up that money; we will give that to my friend in her last need," answered she. "The first crown I will take home again in the morning; that belongs to my grandson, and he shall have the use of it; for, look ye, he was always a noble lad, and had some high notions both about his body and his soul. Ah! God! his soul! I have prayed the whole way here. It is not possible! The God of mercy will surely not let him be quite lost. He was ever the trimmest and most diligent of all the boys in the school; but on the score of *honor* he was always very peculiar.

"His lieutenant used to say, 'If my squadron have Honor among them, she dwells with Finkel in his quarters.' He belonged to the lancers. When he

came back the first time from France, he related all sorts of strange stories; but those which concerned honor were always foremost. His father and step-brother were in the militia, and often twitted him on the score of honor; but if he had too much of it they had not enough. God forgive me my heavy sins! I will not speak ill of them—each has his burden to bear—but my blessed daughter, *his* mother, worked herself to death for her lazy husband; and with all her labour she could not manage to pay his debts. Well, my boy talked much of the French; and when his father and step-brother spoke slightly of them he would answer, ‘Father, you know nothing of the matter; they have much *honor* in their character.’ This enraged his step-brother, who replied, ‘How dare you prate so about honor to my father; he was once a corporal in the —th regiment, and must understand what honor is better than you, who are only a private.’ ‘Yes,’ said old Finkel, who also grew irritable, ‘that I was, and have counted out twenty-five lashes to many an over-loud and forward lad. Had I had these French in my company, they should have felt still better what their honor was.’ This conversation pained the lancer, and he said, ‘I had better tell you a little story of a French sergeant. During the reign of our last king the punishment of flogging



was suddenly introduced into the French army. The orders of the minister of war were made known on full parade at Strasburg, and the troops, drawn up in rank and file, listened to the communication in silent anger. At the end of the parade a private committed some fault, and this sergeant was ordered to give him twelve lashes. The command was sternly given, and he was obliged to obey. When he had done so, he took the musket belonging to the man he had flogged, placed it on the ground before him, pressed the trigger with his foot, so that the ball went through his head, and he fell down dead. This occurrence was made known to the king, and the orders to flog were immediately repealed. Now, father, that was a man in whose soul honor dwelt.'

“ ‘He was a fool,’ said his brother. ‘Keep your honor, to eat when you are hungry,’ grumbled the father. My grandson took his sabre and left the house ; he came to my little cottage and told me all, and wept many bitter tears ; but I could not help him. The story of the French sergeant, which he related to me also, I could not treat with contempt ; but I said, ‘Honor cometh from God only.’ I gave him my blessing, for his furlough was out the next day, and he wished to ride a league away into the country to see a godchild of mine, who was a servant girl in a nobleman’s mansion, and whom he dearly

loved, and hoped some time to marry; they shall soon be united, if God listen to my prayer.

“He has already left me, my godchild will go to-day; I have the dowry quite ready, and there shall be no other guest at the wedding but me.” The old woman was again silent, and appeared to be praying. My own thoughts were by no means clear as to this point of honor; and I had some doubts whether it beseemed a Christian to admire the death of the French sergent. I wished that I could hear some convincing argument on the subject.

As the watchman called “One o’clock,” the old woman said, “I have yet two hours—What, still here? why are you not gone to rest? You will be unable to work in the morning, and will get into trouble with your master. What is your trade, good man?” Now I did not well know how I could make her understand that I was an author without telling a falsehood, for I could not call myself a *savant*. It is strange that a German is always a little ashamed to own that he is an author; he confesses it *most* unwillingly to people of the lower orders, who invariably imagine authors to be identical with the Scribes and Pharisees they read of in the Bible. Thus I paused a moment to consider what answer I should give the old woman, who, surprised at my hesitation, looked at me, and said:—

“What is your trade? Why will you not tell me? If you have not yet an honest trade, take one now; *such* have a golden soil. Surely you are not a headsman, nor yet a spy come to sound me? Whatever you are, acknowledge it. If you were here by day, I should take you for an idler, a spendthrift of time—one who leans against houses lest he should fall down from sheer laziness.”

All at once I thought of a word that might perhaps serve me as a bridge to her comprehension.

“Mother,” said I, “I am a public writer.”

“You should have said so at once,” replied the old woman. “You are a man of the pen! You ought then to have a clever head, and nimble fingers, and a good heart; else you will get rapped over the knuckles. Are you indeed a writer? Then you can write me a petition to the Duke—one which will be sure of being read and granted, and not be unheeded, like so many others.”

“I can very easily write a petition for you, dear mother,” said I; “and I will do my best to make it a very pressing one.”

“That is very kind,” replied she; “may God reward you, and let you live to be older than I am, and give you, in old age, as tranquil a heart as mine, and such a fine night as this, rich in roses and crowns; and also a good friend who will write a

petition for you, should you ever need one. But now go home, dear friend, and buy a sheet of paper, and write the petition. I will wait for you here one hour longer; then I must go to my godchild. You may go with me; she also will rejoice to hear of the petition. She has certainly a good heart; God's judgments are wonderful."

After saying this, the old woman was again silent, bowed her head, and seemed to pray. The crown-piece still lay on her lap. She wept. "Dear mother, what is the matter? what grieves you so, that you weep?" said I.

"Wherefore shall I not cry? I cry because of the crown, I cry because of the petition, I cry because of every thing; but what does it avail? it is all much, much better arranged for us on earth than we creatures deserve, and tears bitter as gall are yet too sweet for us. Look at the gold camel, opposite there, at the apothecary's; how wonderful and beautiful God has created every thing, but man acknowledges it not, and 'it is easier for such a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of Heaven.' But why are you still here? Go, and buy the sheet of paper, and bring me the petition."

"Dear mother," said I, "how can I write a petition for you, if you do not tell me what it is to be about?"

“ Must I tell you ? ” replied she ; “ then truly yours is no great art, and I am no longer astonished that you were ashamed to own to me you were a public writer, when one must tell you all that you have to write. I will do my best, however. Put in the petition that two lovers pray that they may be allowed to rest side by side, and that one of them may not be given over to the surgeons, so that he may have all his limbs together when the voice shall be heard to say, —

‘ The dead, yes, all the dead, must rise again,  
And to their last account be ta’en.’ ”

And she began to weep bitterly again. I saw that some great sorrow weighed heavily on her ; but that, owing to her extreme age, she only felt it at certain moments. She wept on without complaining ; her manner of speaking was composed, almost cold. I begged her once more to tell me the cause of her journey to the city ; and at length she spoke as follows :—

“ My grandson, the lancer, the same of whom I have been talking to you, loved—as you already know—my dear godchild, and used to talk to his beautiful Annerl (as the folks called her on account of her sweet face) much about honor, always telling her that she must take care of her own honor and of

his also. From this continual talking about honor, the girl got something quite peculiar in her expression and dress. She was genteeler and better mannered than all the other village girls; her clothes were neater and set better to her figure; if a lad chanced to hold her somewhat too close in the dance, or swung her higher than the bridge of the bass-viol, she would begin to weep bitterly, and always said to me that suchlike was against her honor. Ah! Annerl was always a strange maiden; she would sometimes suddenly take hold of her apron with both hands, and tear it off as if it was on fire, and then weep bitterly; but there was a reason for *that*; the adversary goeth to and fro on the earth, and seeketh whom he may devour. His teeth had once seized her, and were even then dragging her to her fate. Would that the child had not harped so constantly upon *honor*; would that she had put her trust in God alone, and had never forgotten him in all her need, and had endured shame and contempt for Him, rather than for the sake of worldly honor. The Lord had certainly had mercy on her, and will yet show mercy to her; ah! they will surely meet again. God's will be done!

“The lancer had returned to France again; a long time passed, and we heard nothing of him, until we almost believed him dead, and often wept about him.

But he was lying in the hospital, severely wounded ; and when he joined his comrades again, and found that he was promoted to be a sergeant, he at once remembered the story of the French sergeant, and recalled what his step-brother had thrown in his teeth two years before—that he was only a private, and his father a corporal ; and how he had himself spoken so much about honor when he took leave of his Annerl. His heart misgave him ; he pined to return to his native land, and told his major, who asked what ailed him, that he felt as if strong ropes were drawing him home. He obtained three months' leave of absence, and was to rejoin his regiment before it went into summer quarters. He was allowed to ride home, as all his officers had the greatest confidence in him. He travelled as fast as he could, taking care not to injure his horse, which he tended more carefully than ever, on account of the trust placed in him. One day he felt more wildly anxious than usual to reach home ; it was the day before the anniversary of his mother's death, and he fancied that he often saw her running before his horse, crying out 'Caspar, wilt thou not honor thy mother?' On that same day I sat alone on her grave, and thought, 'Ah, that Caspar were with me now!' I had made a garland of the little flowers called 'forget-me-nots ;' and, having hung it on the

sunken cross, I measured out the place all round about, and said to myself, 'Here I will lie, there shall Caspar lie, if God grant him a grave in his native place, that we may be all together when the trumpet sounds.

'Ye dead, yes, all ye dead shall rise again,  
And shall unto your last account be ta'en.'

But Caspar did not come, and I knew not how near he was, and that he might easily have been with me then. It had been the recollection of this day, then, which had made him so anxious to hasten on; and he had brought from France a beautiful garland of golden foil, to hang on his mother's grave, and one also for his beautiful Annerl, which she was to keep for her wedding-day." Here the old woman stopped, and shook her head; but as I repeated the words, "which she was to keep for her wedding-day," she continued, "Who knows but that my prayers might yet obtain it, if I dared to waken the Duke?"

"What would you ask of the Duke, good mother?" said I.

She said earnestly, "What value would be put on life if it had no end? and what would life be without eternity?" She then went on with her sad story.

"Caspar might have reached our village by mid-day, but in the morning his host had pointed out to



him, when they were in the stable, that the saddle had hurt his horse, and said, ' Good friend, such a thing is no great HONOR to the rider.' Caspar felt this word deeply. He put the saddle on as lightly as possible, and, after doing all he could for the wound, he continued his journey on foot, leading the horse by the bridle. It was therefore late in the evening before he arrived at a mill about a league distant from our village. As he knew the miller to be an old friend of his father's, he called upon him, and was welcomed as a cherished guest from afar. Caspar put his horse in the stable, laid his saddle and knapsack in a corner, and then joined the miller in his parlour. He asked for all his family, heard that I, his old grandmother, was still alive, and that his father and step-brother were in good health, and prospering in the world. His father had become a horse-dealer and grazier, and was now desirous of making an *honorable* appearance; and no longer went about so shabby as formerly. They had brought corn to the mill the day before. This news greatly rejoiced the good Caspar, who now asked after his beautiful Annerl. The miller said, that he did not know her; but, if it were the same girl who once served at Rosenhof, he had heard that she had taken a place in the town, because there she could learn more than in the country, and gain more honor: he

had been told this about a year before by one of the men-servants at Rosenhof. This pleased Caspar also, though it was a disappointment to him not to see her so soon as he had expected ; still he hoped to find her respected and lovely in her new home, and that it would be an *honor* to him, even as a sergeant, to go out walking with her on Sundays. At supper he told the miller many things about France, then helped him to lay up the corn, and afterwards went to an upper room, where he was to sleep, and laid himself down upon some sacks. The clacking of the mill, and his great wish to be at home, kept the good Caspar long awake in spite of his weariness. He was very restless, thought of his blessed mother and his dear Annerl, and of the honor that awaited him when he should appear before his family as a sergeant. At last he fell into a light sleep, but horrible dreams broke his rest ; he dreamed that his mother came to him, wringing her hands and begging him to help her ; then it seemed to him as if he were dead, and were going to be buried ; nevertheless, though he was dead, he walked to his grave, with the beautiful Annerl by his side. He was weeping bitterly because none of his comrades attended his funeral, and when he reached the churchyard he saw his grave ready, next to that of his mother : Annerl's grave was there also ; he gave her

the little garland he had brought for her, and hung the other on his mother's tomb; then he looked round and saw no one there but me and Annerl, whom some one had dragged *by her apron* into her grave; and he had then stepped into his, and said, 'Is there no one here who will pay me the last honors, and fire into my grave, as is due to a brave soldier?' and then he had drawn out his pistol and fired into his own grave. He awoke in great terror at the report of the pistol, and fancied he heard some one clattering at the window; he looked round the room; then he heard a shot and a great noise, and cries for help rising above the clacking of the mill. He jumped out of bed and seized his sabre; at that instant the door opened, and he saw by the moonlight two men with blackened faces, and clubs, who rushed upon him; but he was on his guard, and wounded one of them in the arm, whereupon they both fled, but he heard them bolt the door (which opened outwards) after them. Caspar tried in vain to follow them, till at last he broke out one of the panels of the door; and, creeping through the hole, he went down stairs, and found the miller, who was calling for help, bound hand and foot among the corn-sacks. Caspar unbound him, and then ran into the stable, but his horse and knapsack were both gone. In great distress he returned to the miller,

bitterly lamenting that he had not only lost what was his own, but also the horse with which he had been entrusted, and for this loss he was not to be comforted. The miller, however, came up to him, with a bag full of money, which he had fetched down out of a chest in the garret where Caspar had slept, and he said to him, 'Be comforted, dear Caspar, I have to thank you for the safety of my property; no doubt the robbers had fixed their minds on getting this bag of money, which was up stairs; and I owe it to your bravery that it has been saved, and that nothing else has been stolen from me; those who found and have taken your horse and knapsack out of the stable must have been a watch set by the thieves, who gave notice by a shot that danger was near; for they must have found out by the saddle that a dragoon was lodging in the house. You shall get into no trouble on my account; I will spare neither pains nor money to find your horse again, and if I cannot recover it I will buy you another, let it cost ever so much.' Caspar replied, 'It is against my honor to accept of gifts; but in case of need I will borrow seventy crowns from you, for which I will give you a receipt, and which I shall be able to pay back in two years.' They agreed upon this, and the lancer then took leave of the miller, and set off to his village, to make the whole affair known to

the magistrate. The miller remained behind, to wait for his wife and son, who were attending a wedding in the neighbourhood: as soon as they returned, he was to follow Caspar, in order to give his account of the robbery also. You can easily imagine, dear sir, with what sad feelings Caspar, now poor and on foot, hastened towards his native place, which he had hoped to enter so proudly; the fifty-one crowns which he had saved up, his commission as a sergeant, the garlands for his mother's grave and for Annerl, had all been stolen from him. He was quite cast down, and in this mood he reached home and knocked immediately at the door of the magistrate, whose house stands at the entrance of the village. He was admitted, and told his story, and described all the things of which he had been robbed. The judge desired him to go immediately to his father, who was the only peasant in the place who kept horses, and to mount and patrol the country with him and his brother, and try to come upon some trace of the robbers: in the meanwhile people should be sent out on foot for the same purpose, and when the miller came his testimony might throw more light on the business. Caspar left the magistrate to go to his father's, but he had to pass my cottage on the way, and he heard me singing a psalm, for I could not sleep for thinking of his dear mother; so

he knocked at the window, and said, 'Praised be the Lord, dear grandmother, Caspar is here.' His words went to my very heart; I ran forward, opened the window, and kissed and pressed him to my bosom, with many tears. He told me of all his misfortunes, and in great haste repeated the orders he had received from the magistrate for his father and brother, and said that he must go directly to look after the thieves, for his *honor* was concerned to have his horse back again.

"I could scarcely say why, but that word honor made me tremble from head to foot: I knew that in all probability he must hear many evil reports of those in whom he was interested; so I said, 'Do thy duty, honor belongeth to God alone;' he hastened from me to Finkel's house, which stood at the other end of the village.

"When he was gone I sank upon my knees, and prayed God to protect him. I prayed with an anguish of heart that I had never felt before, repeating always, 'Lord, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.'

"In the meanwhile, Caspar, full of anxiety and nameless fears, ran off as fast as he could to his father's. He jumped over the garden hedge at the back of the house; he heard the pump going, and a horse neighing in the stable: these sounds filled

him with terror; he stood still, and looked forward, and by the moonlight he saw two men washing themselves; his heart was like to break; one of the men said, 'This cursed stuff will not wash off;' and the other answered, 'Come, let us first go into the stable, and cut off the horse's tail and clip its mane: have you buried the knapsack in the dunghill?' 'Yes,' said the first speaker; and they both went into the stable. Caspar, almost mad with grief, sprung forward, shut the stable-door behind them, and cried, 'Surrender yourselves; in the Duke's name, surrender yourselves; whoever resists I will shoot!' Alas! he had discovered in his father and step-brother the robbers of his horse. 'My honor, my honor is lost for ever!' cried he; 'I am the son of a dishonorable thief!' When the two men in the stable overheard these words, their courage failed them. They called out, 'Caspar, dear Caspar, for God's sake do not ruin us; you shall have every thing back again; for the sake of your blessed mother, who died on this day, have mercy on your father and brother.'

"But Caspar was almost frantic, and kept on exclaiming, 'My honor! my duty!' and as his father and brother struggled with all their might to force open the door, and had succeeded in breaking out a piece of the mud wall, he fired off his pistol in the

air, and called out, 'Help, help, thieves, help!' The peasants who had been aroused to obey the magistrate's orders were at this very moment coming towards Finkel's house, to consult which roads they were to search, and on hearing the shot and the cries for help they all rushed forward. Old Finkel was still begging his son to let him escape, but Caspar only answered, 'I am a soldier, and must respect the laws.' The magistrate now came up with some more men; Caspar said to him, 'God have mercy on me!—my father and brother are themselves the thieves. Oh, that I had never been born! I have shut them up here in the stable; my knapsack is buried in the dunghill.' The peasants went into the stable, bound old Finkel and his son, and dragged them into the house. Caspar dug up his knapsack, took the two garlands out of it; but, instead of going into the house, he went to the churchyard to his mother's grave.

"It was early dawn: I had been out already in the meadows, and made two garlands of forget-me-nots, one for Caspar and one for myself; and I thought, when he returns from his ride we will both go and dress his mother's grave. Just then I heard a strange uproar in the village, and as I like best to be alone, and cannot bear any noise or bustle, I took a roundabout way to the churchyard. As I reached it, I heard a shot, and saw the smoke. I went into



the churchyard as fast as I could. Ah, thou holy Saviour, be merciful unto him! Caspar lay dead on his mother's grave! he had shot himself: he had fastened the garland which he had brought for his beautiful Annerl to one of his buttons, above his heart, and through this garland he had shot himself: the garland for his mother was hung on the little cross that stood at the head of her grave. The earth seemed to open under my feet as I looked on that terrible sight. I threw myself on the body, crying out, 'Caspar, unfortunate boy, what have you done? Who could have told you so soon of your misfortune? Oh, why, why did I let you go away from me before I had myself told you all! Oh, God! what will your poor father and brother say when they come and find you thus?' I knew not that they had caused his sinful act; I thought he had had another reason.

“This was not the end of trouble; the magistrate and the peasants, with old Finkel and his son, who were both handcuffed, came by; sorrow choked my words; I could not speak. The magistrate asked me if I had seen my grandson; I pointed to where he lay, and he walked up to him and shook him, for he thought he was weeping on his mother's grave; but when he saw the blood trickling down he exclaimed, 'Jesu Maria! Caspar has killed himself!' The two prisoners looked with horror at one another.

Caspar's body was taken, as were his father and brother, to the magistrate's house: there was a sound of weeping from one end of the village to the other: the peasant women led me away: that was the most terrible hour of my life!"

The old woman was perfectly quiet and silent for some little time after she had said these last words.

"Dear mother," said I at length, "your sorrows and trials have been terrible; but God must love you, for 'whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.' But now you must tell me, dear mother, what has induced you to come from such a distance here, and for what I must ask in the petition."

She very calmly replied, "You might, I think, easily guess *that*; an honorable grave for Caspar, and likewise for his beautiful Annerl, to whom I am now carrying the garland for her wedding-day: see, it is sprinkled with Caspar's blood!" She drew a little wreath of gold foil out of her bundle, and gave it to me to look at. I could see by the light of the dawning day that it was blackened with powder, and spotted with blood: the old woman's tale had quite depressed me; while the calmness and courage with which she bore her afflictions filled me with reverence for her. "Dear mother," said I, "in what words can you tell this frightful story to the beau-

tiful Annerl without killing her? and what kind of wedding-day is that for which you are carrying her this mournful wreath?"

"Dear friend," replied she, "come with me; you shall go with me to her; I cannot walk quickly, so we shall just meet her at the right time. I will tell you more on the way."

She stood up, and prayed her morning prayer very calmly, put her clothes in order, and hung her bundle on my arm; it was two o'clock, and in the gray of the morning we walked through the quiet streets.

"Well," continued the old woman, "after old Finkel and his son were locked up, I was sent for to the magistrate's room, where the dead body of Caspar was laid on a table, covered over with his lancer's cloak; I was then obliged to tell every thing I knew about him, and all that he had said to me through the window that morning early, as he passed by. The magistrate wrote down all that I said on a paper which lay before him; then he looked over a pocket-book which had been found on Caspar; there were some bills in it, a few stories about honor, among them that one about the French sergeant, and some lines written in pencil." The old woman gave me the pocket-book, and I read the last words of the unhappy Caspar:—

"I cannot survive my shame! my father and bro-

ther are both thieves; they have robbed from myself; my heart was breaking; but I was compelled to take them prisoners and give them up to the judge; I am a soldier of the Duke's, and my honor would not allow me to spare them. I have given them over for punishment solely on account of my honor. Let every one who hears my story pray that I may be granted an honorable grave *here*, where I fall, by my mother's side. My grandmother must send the little garland through which I shoot myself with a greeting from me to the beautiful Annerl: soul and body are tortured, but I know that *she* would never have married the son of a thief—she was always so particular about honor. Dear beautiful Annerl, I pray that you may not suffer much on my account; be comforted, and if you ever loved me speak kindly of me. I can do nothing more in this world; this disgrace is too great. I have always been so anxious to preserve my honor unstained, I am already a sergeant, and I had the best name in my whole squadron; I should some day have become an officer, and, Annerl, I would never have forsaken thee to court a nobler bride; but the son of a thief, he who was obliged to take his own father prisoner, cannot survive the disgrace. Annerl, dear Annerl, accept this garland; I have always been true to thee, so help me God! I give you back

your freedom, but I beg you to show me this honor, do not marry any one below me in rank; and, if you can, plead for me, that I may be allowed an honorable grave by my mother's side; and, should you die in our native place, desire that you too may be buried by us; my good grandmother shall be with us also, and we shall be once more all re-united. I have fifty crowns in my knapsack; they are to be put out to interest for your first child. The clergyman is to have my silver watch if I am honorably buried; my horse and uniform belong to the Duke; this pocket-book to thee. Adieu, Annerl, my heart's best treasure; adieu, dear grandmother—pray for me. Farewell to ye all—God be merciful to me—my despair is great!"

I could not read these last words of a gallant and unhappy man without shedding many tears. "Caspar must have had some good in him, dear mother," said I to the old woman, who, as I said this, stopped, and, pressing my hand in hers, exclaimed,—

"Yes, he was the best man in the whole world; but he should not have written those last words about despair; they may deprive him of an honorable grave, and cause his body to be sent to the surgeons. Ah! dear sir, perhaps you may be able to help me in this matter."

"What do you mean, dear mother?" asked I; "how can these words affect Caspar's burial?"

“Very easily,” answered she; “the judge told me so himself. An order has been given to all magistrates respecting suicides; and those only who kill themselves from *melancholy* madness are to receive honorable burial; but those who do so in *despair* are to be sent to the surgeons; and the judge said to me that, as Caspar had himself confessed his despair, his body could not be buried.”

“That is a curious regulation,” said I; “for it would be easy to raise a lawsuit about each suicide, to decide whether he had destroyed himself in a fit of melancholy or despair; and the suit might last so long, that judge and advocates might become the prey of melancholy or despair, and be sent to the dissecting rooms themselves. But comfort yourself, dear mother: our Duke is good; and when he hears the whole story he will assuredly allow poor Caspar a resting-place by his mother’s side.”

“May God grant it!” answered the old woman. “But hear the rest: when the judge had written every thing down on paper, he gave me the pocket-book and the garland for the beautiful Annerl; and so yesterday I came here as fast as I could, that I might be able to give her some comfort to take away with her on her wedding-day. Caspar died at the right moment; had he known *all*, grief would have driven him mad.”

“What has happened to the beautiful Annerl?” asked I. “Sometimes you speak as if she had only a few hours to live; at other times you talk of her wedding-day. Tell me all; is she to be married to another? is she sick? is she dead? I must know all, that I may put it in the petition.”

The old woman replied, “Ah! dear sir, it was thus: God’s will be done! I was not, as it were, quite happy to see Caspar when he came home; and when he killed himself I was not quite sorry for it. I could not have survived it if God had not had mercy on me, and spared me, by this great suffering, still greater sorrow. I will tell you how I felt; it was as if a great stone lay before my heart, like a breakwater; and all the sorrows which dashed like stormy waves about me, and in which my heart must have been shipwrecked, shivered, and broke on this stone, and passed coldly over. You will now hear something very sad.

“When my godchild, the beautiful Annerl, lost her mother, (who was a cousin of mine, and lived seven leagues off,) I was with the dying woman. She was the widow of a poor peasant; but in her youth she had loved a huntsman, although on account of his disorderly habits she had refused to marry him. This huntsman had fallen into great misery and trouble, and was at that time a prisoner about to

be tried for a murder he had committed. My cousin heard of this on her sick-bed, and it caused her such grief that she grew daily worse. When her last hour was at hand, she gave over the beautiful Annerl to me, and bade me farewell. With her dying breath she said to me, 'Dear Anne Margaret, when you pass through the town where poor George lies a prisoner, send this message to him by the gaoler; that I pray him, in this my last hour, to turn to God, that I have prayed earnestly for him in this my hour of death, and that I greet him kindly.' Soon after saying this, my good cousin died; and after she was buried I took the little Annerl (who was then three years old) in my arms, and set off home.

"The executioner's house stood at the entrance of the little town through which my road lay; and, as he was famed as a cow doctor, I thought I would get some medicines from him to carry to our mayor. I entered the house, and told the man what I wanted; and he said that I must go to the garret with him, where the roots were lying, and help him to pick them out. I left Annerl in the room below, and went with him. When we returned, we found the child standing before a little cupboard that was built into the wall, and she said, 'Grandmother, there is a mouse in there; listen how it rattles; there must be a mouse in there.'



“The executioner looked very serious at this speech of Annerl’s, opened the cupboard, and said, ‘God be gracious to us!’ for he saw his sword, which was hanging up in the cupboard, swinging backwards and forwards. I shuddered as he took down the sword. ‘Good woman,’ said he, ‘if you love Annerl, do not be terrified, or prevent my scratching her a little round the throat with my sword; for the sword has moved itself at her presence, it has longed for her blood; and, if I do not raise the skin a little with it, great evil threatens the child in after-life. He took hold of the child, who screamed with all her might; I screamed also, and drew her back. Just then the burgomaster of the town walked into the room; he was returning from hunting, and brought one of his dogs, which had been hurt, to be doctored by the executioner. He told the circumstance to the burgomaster, who rebuked him sharply and angrily for his superstition as he called it; but the executioner was obstinate, and answered, ‘My fathers believed this to be the case, and I believe it.’\* Then the burgomaster said, ‘Master Francis, if you believed that your sword moved because I was about to say to you that you must behead the huntsman, George, tomorrow morning early, at six o’clock, I might forgive

\* The office of executioner is hereditary in many parts of Germany.

you: but that you should connect such a thing in any way with this dear child is foolish and shocking; it might throw a person into despair to be told, in after years, that such a circumstance had happened to them in their childhood; one must be careful to lead no one into temptation.' 'And also no executioner's sword into temptation,' said Master Francis in a low voice; and he hung up his sword again in the cupboard.

"The burgomaster kissed Annerl, and gave her a cake out of his hunting bag, and then asked me who I was, why I was there, and where I was going; and after I had told him of the death of my cousin, and of her message to George, he said, 'You shall perform your promise, I will take you to him myself; he has a hard heart, but perhaps this message from a dying Christian may touch him now in these his last moments.' The good gentleman took Annerl and me with him in his carriage, which was waiting at the door, and drove into the town with us.

"He desired me to go to his cook, who gave us a good meal; and in the afternoon he went with us to the condemned man, who, when I gave him my cousin's message, wept bitterly, crying out, 'Ah, God! if she had been my wife, I should never have come to this pass.' Then he begged that the clergyman might come once more to pray with him. The

burgomaster promised, and praised him for this change of feeling, and asked him if he had any other wish which he could grant. George said, 'I entreat this good old woman to remain in the town till to-morrow morning, and that she and the little daughter of her blessed cousin will come to my execution; the sight of them will strengthen me in that terrible moment.' The burgomaster asked me to agree to this; and, though it was very dreadful to me, I could not refuse the poor miserable creature his last wish. I was obliged to give him my hand on it, and solemnly promise it to him; and then he sunk down, weeping bitterly, on the straw. The burgomaster took me with him to his friend the clergyman, to whom I was obliged to tell all the story over again before he went to the prison.

"The child and I slept that night in the burgomaster's house, and the next morning I set off with Annerl on the sorrowful road to George's execution. I stood next to the burgomaster, in the circle round the scaffold, and saw how he broke the little wand in two. George made a fine speech, which made every one weep, and he looked very mournfully at me, and at Annerl, who stood just before me. He then kissed Master Francis, the clergyman prayed with him, his eyes were bound, and he knelt down; the executioner then dealt him the death-stroke.

‘Jesu, Maria, Joseph!’ screamed I; for George’s head rolled off the block down to Annerl, and the teeth caught in the child’s little frock. Her screams were fearful; I tore off my apron, and threw it over the hideous head; and Master Francis, running to us, pulled it away, saying, ‘Mother, mother! what did I say to you yesterday? I know my sword well; it has life in it.’ I had fallen to the ground in horror, while Annerl continued her screams. The burgomaster himself was startled, and took the child and me back to his house in his carriage; his wife gave me other clothes for the child, and after our dinner the burgomaster made me a present of some money; and many other persons in the town, who had heard about Annerl and wished to see her, gave me money and clothes for her. I received about twenty crowns. In the evening, the clergyman came and talked a long while with me, desiring me to bring Annerl up in the fear of God, and to give no heed to these bad omens, which were only some of Satan’s snares, unworthy of a good Christian’s thoughts. He gave Annerl a Bible, which she has still; and next morning the friendly burgomaster sent us three leagues on our way in a coach. Ah, God! every thing has come to pass as those signs foretold!” said the old woman, and was silent.

I had a terrible foreboding. “For God’s sake,

mother," said I, "tell me what has happened to the beautiful Annerl; is she indeed past all help?"

"I told you once before," answered the old woman, "that his teeth had seized upon her: to-day she is to be executed; but she did it in despair; her honor, her honor was always uppermost in her thoughts. Her ambition brought her to shame; she was seduced by a nobleman, he deserted her; and then she strangled her baby with the same apron which I had thrown over George's head, and which she had taken away secretly from me. Ah! he fastened on her with his teeth: she did it in a moment of frenzy. He deceived her by means of a false promise of marriage, after he had induced her to believe that Caspar was always to remain in France. In her despair she sinned, and afterwards she went and confessed her crime to a magistrate herself. At four o'clock this morning she is to be beheaded. She wrote to me to come to her. I will go to her now, and carry her poor Caspar's greeting and gay garland, and the rose which I got last night. All this will console her. Ah, dear sir, if you could obtain a promise from the Duke, that she and Caspar might be buried honorably in our churchyard."

"I will try, I will do all I can," exclaimed I; "I will run at once to the castle; my friend who gave you the rose is on guard there, he shall waken

the Duke; I will kneel at his bedside, and pray for Annerl's pardon."

"Pardon!" said the old woman, coldly; "he has seized her with his teeth and dragged her down: listen to me, dear friend: justice is better than pardon; of what use are all the pardons on earth? we must still appear at the last Judgment:—

The dead, yes, all the dead, must rise again,  
And must unto their last account be ta'en.

Annerl will accept of no pardon; it was offered to her, if she would name the father of her child; but she said, 'I have murdered his baby, and I wish to die; but not to make him unhappy. I must suffer punishment that I may go to my child; it would ruin him if I were to name him.' Thereupon sentence of death was pronounced on her. Go to the Duke now, dear sir, and pray him to grant Caspar and Annerl an honorable grave. Go at once; for, see, there goes the clergyman to the prison: I will ask him to take me with him to the beautiful Annerl. If you make haste, perhaps you may bring us the promise of an honorable grave for both, when we are at the place of execution."

As she finished saying this, we came up to the clergyman; the old woman told him of her relationship to the prisoner, and he kindly took her with him to the

prison. I ran, as I never ran before, to the castle.

I took it as a good omen, and a promise of hope, that as I was passing Count Grossinger's summer-house I heard a sweet voice singing the following words to the lute:—

When mercy spoke of Love  
Honor entranced drew near,  
And to her witching strain  
He lovingly gave ear.

Then Mercy took the veil  
Love had with roses twined,  
And Honor to her pleading  
A willing ear inclined.

A hundred steps further on more good tokens awaited me. I found a white veil lying on the ground; I picked it up, and found it was full of sweet roses. I kept it in my hands as I ran on, repeating—

Then Mercy took the veil  
Love had with roses filled.

As I went round a corner, I saw a man wrapped in a cloak, who turned his back to me as I passed by, as if he did not wish to be seen; he might have saved himself the trouble, for I saw and heard nothing but the veil and those words about mercy.

I rushed through the grated door of the castle courtyard; God be thanked! Ensign Count Grossinger was keeping his watch, and was walking up and down under the flowering chestnut-trees, and when he saw me he came forward to meet me.

"Dear count!" exclaimed I, vehemently, "you must take me at once to the Duke—immediately; without an instant's delay, or it will be too late, and all will be lost."

This request seemed to embarrass him, and he said, "How can you ask such a thing at such an hour? Come to me when we are on parade, and I will present you to his highness." The ground burned beneath my feet. "It must be now or never," I cried; "the life of a human being depends on my seeing the Duke now." "It *cannot* be," replied Grossinger, sharply contradicting me; "it concerns my honor; my *honor* is pledged; I am forbidden to announce any one, or present any petitions or reports during this night."

The word *honor* made me desperate: I thought on Caspar's honor, on Annerl's honor, and said, "Ah, that cursed *honor*! it is to claim the only help now left for an 'honor also pledged' that I must see the Duke. You must announce me, or I will call out loudly for the Duke myself."



"If you behave in this strange manner," said Grossinger, hastily, "I shall have you taken to the guard-house. You are mad, and seem to have no notion of what is due to exalted rank, or particular circumstances."

"I know of circumstances, frightful circumstances," said I, "which force me to see the Duke, and if you will not announce me I will go alone to him." Saying these words, I turned to go up the steps which led to the Duke's chambers, when I remarked the same person I had met wrapped so carefully in his cloak. Grossinger pulled me violently round that I might not see this man, whispering, "What are you about, you fool! Be quiet, be silent, or you will ruin me."

"Why do you not keep that man back also who is going up there?" said I; "he can have nothing more pressing to say to the Duke than I have. I must, I must go; the fate of a poor unfortunate condemned creature depends on it."

Grossinger answered, "You saw that man go up; if you ever breathe a word on the subject, my sword shall make you pay for it: it is because *he* went up that *you* cannot follow; the Duke has business with him."

Lights appeared in the Duke's windows. "He

has candles; he is up," said I; "I must speak to him; for Heaven's sake allow me to do so, or I will cry out for help."

Grossinger caught hold of my arm, and said, "You must be tipsy; come with me to the guard-room, and take a sleep; or repeat the song to me which the old woman at the gate was singing as I passed by with the patrol."

"It is on behalf of that very old woman and her family that I am so anxious to see the Duke," replied I.

"On behalf of that old woman?" repeated Grossinger; "tell me what it is; such great persons as the Duke have no time to think of such people as those. Come at once to the guard-room."

He tried to draw me away; the castle clock struck the half hour after three; the sound went to my heart like a cry for help; I called up to the Duke's windows, with a voice that came from my inmost soul, "Help, for God's sake! help, for a wretched condemned creature!"

Grossinger raved like a madman; he tried to stop my mouth, but I wrestled with him; he struck me across the neck; he abused me; but I neither felt nor heard him. He called for the guard.

The corporal came forward with some soldiers to seize me, but at that instant the Duke's window was

thrown open, and he called down, "Ensign Count Grossinger, what scandalous conduct is this? bring that man up here directly." I did not wait for the Ensign, but rushed up the steps at once. I fell down at the Duke's feet, who, looking both surprised and displeased, bid me rise. He had on boots and spurs, though he wore a dressing-gown, which he held carefully closed over his breast. I related to the Duke, as concisely as I could, all the old woman had told me about Caspar and Annerl, and prayed him at least to grant a few hours' delay in the execution, if pardon was impossible. "Ah! mercy, mercy!" I exclaimed, as I drew out of my bosom, where I had thrust it, the white veil filled with sweet roses; "this veil, which I found on my way hither, seemed to promise mercy."

The Duke seized the veil impetuously, pressing it tenderly in his hands, and appeared agitated; and as I said, "This poor girl is a sacrifice to false ambition; a nobleman seduced her by a promise of marriage. Ah! she is so generous, she will rather die than name him," the Duke interrupted me, saying, with tears in his eyes, "Be silent, be silent, say no more:" turning to Ensign Count Grossinger, who stood at the door all this time, he said quickly, "Go, get to horse with this person, ride the horses to death, but reach the place of execution in time; put

this veil on the point of your sword, and wave it high in the air, calling out, 'Pardon, pardon!' I will follow you." Grossinger took the veil—he looked like a ghost, anguish and terror in his face. We ran to the stable, mounted the horses, and rode off at full gallop. Grossinger spurred through the gate as if he were mad. As he put the veil on the point of his sword, I heard him say, "Jesu Maria! my sister." I did not understand what he meant. He stood up in his stirrups, and cried as loud as he could, "Pardon, pardon!" We saw a crowd of people assembled on the fatal hill; my horse shied at the fluttering cloth. I am a bad rider; I could not keep up with Grossinger, for he rushed on at such a headlong pace: but I did all I could. Unlucky fate! the artillery were exercising in the neighbourhood, and the thunder of the cannon rendered it impossible that our words could be heard at any distance. Grossinger's horse suddenly stumbled and fell; the crowd divided and scattered to the sides, so that the scaffold became visible to us. I saw a flash of steel in the morning sunlight. Ah, God! it was the executioner's sword. I sprung forwards; I heard lamentations all round me. "Pardon, pardon!" screamed Grossinger, as he burst with frantic eagerness into the solemn circle, waving the veil. Alas! the executioner held towards him the

bleeding head of the beautiful Annerl, which seemed to smile mournfully on him.

He shrieked out "God have mercy on me!" and threw himself upon the body, crying, "Kill me, kill me also! I am the seducer, I am her murderer!"

On hearing this, a thirst for revenge stirred up the angry crowd; the women and maidens pressed forward, tore the unfortunate man from the corpse, and trampled him under their feet. He made no defence; the few guards present had no chance of controlling the furious multitude, when luckily there was a sudden cry of "The Duke! the Duke!" He drove up in an open carriage; a very young man, wrapped in a military cloak, and with his hat drawn low on his brows, sat by his side; the people were dragging Grossinger by: "Oh, my brother!" screamed the Duke's companion in a most feminine voice. The Duke said hastily, as he himself sprang out of the carriage, "Be silent, be quiet!" and as the young man was about to follow him the Duke pushed him almost roughly back; but this only accelerated the discovery that the young officer was Grossinger's sister in disguise. The Duke desired the fainting, bloody, ill-used Grossinger to be placed in his carriage; the sister forgot the necessity of concealment; she threw her own cloak over her brother, and stood betrayed to every one in her

female dress, The Duke was much embarrassed for a moment; but, quickly recovering himself, he ordered the carriage to be turned round, and the countess and her brother to be driven at once to their own residence. These circumstances had a little moderated the rage of the crowd; the Duke said in a very loud voice, to the officer there on guard, "The countess saw her brother ride by this morning, hastening hither with the poor girl's pardon, and wished to be present at the happy event; as I drove by for the same purpose, she was still standing at the open window, and she begged me to take her with me in my carriage. I could not refuse the sweet child's request; she took a hat and cloak of her brother's, thinking thus to avoid observation; but surprised by the shocking appearance of her brother, out of all recollection of what was due to herself, she has made what was innocent in itself, and kindly meant, appear in a scandalous light. But how was it, lieutenant, that you were unable to protect the unhappy Count Grossinger from being so maltreated? it was most sad, indeed, that in consequence of his horse falling he came too late to save the poor girl; but it was not his fault, and his ill-users shall be imprisoned and severely punished."

On hearing these words, the people round about raised an universal shout of, "He is a villain! he is a

seducer! he is the murderer of the beautiful Annerl! he confessed it himself, the wicked wretch!" When these accusations were confirmed by the clergyman and the officer on guard, the Duke changed colour, seemed deeply agitated, but said only, "Horrible, horrible!" Turning very pale, he advanced to look at the corpse of the beautiful Annerl. She lay on the green grass, and had on a white dress with black knots; the old grandmother, who paid no attention to all that was going on around her, had replaced the severed head on the neck, and covered the awful gash with her apron; she was busy trying to fold the hands over the Bible which the clergyman had given to Annerl in her childhood; she had already bound the gay golden garland round the head, and had placed the rose in the bosom—that which Grossinger had given to herself the night before, unconscious to whom he was sending it. As the Duke looked on this mournful scene, he exclaimed, "Beautiful, unfortunate Annerl! shameless deceiver!—you came too late. Poor old mother! you alone were true to the end!" He turned, and, perceiving me standing near, he said to me, "You told me of a will of Sergeant Caspar's; have you it with you?" I went to the old woman, and said, "Dear mother, give me Caspar's pocket-book; his Highness desires to read his last will."

The old woman, who seemed indifferent to every thing, peevishly answered, "Are you there at last? you had better have remained at home; is the petition granted? But it is too late now; I could not give the dear child the comfort of knowing that both she and Caspar would be honorably buried. I tried to deceive her about it, but she would not believe me."

The Duke interrupted her, saying; "You did not deceive her, good mother; Annerl shall have an honorable grave, and the brave Caspar also; they shall both be buried by his mother's side; a funeral sermon shall be preached over their graves on this text: 'How can ye believe, which receive honor one of another, and seek not the honor which cometh from God only?' Caspar shall be buried with the rank of ensign, his company shall fire three times over his grave; the sword of the destroyer, Grossinger, shall be laid on his coffin." He then lifted up the veil, which was still lying on the ground, with Grossinger's sword, and covered Annerl with it, saying, "This unlucky veil, which I had so earnestly hoped would have announced her pardon, shall restore to her her lost honor—she died honorably and pardoned—the veil shall be buried with her." He gave the sword to the officer of the watch, adding, "You shall receive on parade, to-day, my orders for the burial of the lancer and this poor girl."



He then read aloud, with much feeling, poor Caspar's last words; the old grandmother, shedding tears of joy, kissed his feet as if she had been the happiest of women. He said to her, "Be comforted, good mother; you shall receive a pension as long as you live, and I will raise a monument to your brave grandson and the beautiful Annerl."

He desired the clergyman to take the old woman and the coffin with the dead girl, in the first instance, to his house, and then, as soon as possible, to proceed on with them to their village, and to provide suitably for the burial. As he was mounting the horse which his aide-de-camp had brought for him, he said to me, "Give your name to my aide-de-camp—I shall send for you soon—you have acted like a noble and humane man." The aide-de-camp made some very complimentary remarks also, as he wrote down my name in his tablets.

The corpse of the fair Annerl, and the good old grandmother, were taken to the clergyman's house, who set off with them, on the ensuing night, to their native place. The officer, with Grossinger's sword, and a company of lancers, arrived there also the next evening. The brave Caspar (with Grossinger's sword and his commission as ensign lying on his coffin) was buried, together with the beautiful Annerl, by his mother's side. I was there also,

and supported the poor old mother, who showed a childish joy during the whole ceremony, but spoke very little; and as the lancers fired the third salute over Caspar's grave she fell back dead in my arms. She found a resting-place also by the side of Caspar's mother.

When I returned to the city, I heard that Count Grossinger was dead; he had poisoned himself. I found a letter from him at my house, which ran thus:—

“I have much to thank you for; you have brought to light a crime which has long weighed heavily upon my soul. I knew the old woman's song well, for Annerl had often repeated it to me. She was a noble and extraordinary creature—I was a wretch. She had my written promise of marriage, and burnt it. By subtle wiles I obtained great ascendancy over her. She was in the service of an aunt of mine, and was often very melancholy. God be merciful to me! You have also preserved my sister's honor. The Duke loves her—this story has shaken his very soul—I was once his favourite. God help me! I have taken poison.

“JOSEPH COUNT GROSSINGER.”

Annerl's apron, which the beheaded huntsman's teeth had seized, is still preserved in the Ducal Museum. It is said that the Duke intends to raise

Grossinger's sister to the rank of a princess, by the title of Gnadenschleier, or Voile de grace, and then to marry her.

At the next review of the troops in the neighbourhood of D., the monument to the two unfortunate victims to worldly honor is to be erected and consecrated, and the Duke and Duchess are to be present. His Highness is particularly pleased with the manner in which his orders with regard to the monument have been executed, for which I have heard that he and the Duchess conjointly furnished the design.

It represents true and false honor kneeling before a cross. On one side Justice stands with a drawn sword; and on the other, Mercy throwing a veil over it. The head of Justice is thought to bear a strong resemblance to the Duke, and the features of Mercy are considered like those of the Duchess.





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